

THE POPE'S PICTURES HAILED WITH DELIGHT BY ALL THE CLERGY.

A Chorus of Thanks to the Journal and to the Mutoscope Company and of Admiration for the Holy Father's Gracious Tribute of Affection for His American Children.



The Pope About to Take a Seat on His Favorite Bench in the Vatican Garden

[Copyright, 1898, by the American Mutoscope Company.]

The Pope and His Attendants Taking an Afternoon Walk.

[Copyright, 1898, by the American Mutoscope Company.]

In Every Parish There Is Joy and Intense Interest, Priests and Laymen Welcoming the Pictures That Bring Home the Pope's Daily Life.

POPE LEO's portraits printed in yesterday's Journal made all eyes radiant. Children placed them in their books of the mass with the images of the saints in face-egg frames. Rectors pasted them in scrap books of encyclical letters. Priests and brothers spoke of them in praise only.

It asked, "What do you think of the Pope's condescension to pose before a camera for the mutoscope?" the answer came impulsively, "Think of it! There is nothing to do but to admire, to be thankful and to say that it is charming."

Charming to all sincere minds was the gift of the Pope's portraits, taken under the sun in the intimate phases of a walk in the gardens of the Vatican. Amazed the

faithful were not, could not be—so simple, so characteristic, now that it was done, seemed to be the achievement of the American emissary to Rome who carried a camera and letters of introduction from princes of the church.

Leo Anstetter, but is the Father.

"Certainly," said Father Connelley, in the rectory of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, "the Pope was pleased to send his picture in that way to all his children in America. There is an impression that he is stern. He is stern, but he is the Pope, that is, the father. He is not inaccessible."

I saw him in the chair of his familiar attitude, as it is expressed in these pretty pictures. He had risen at dawn on that day and written a poem, the difficulties vanquished in the prosody, which had amused him a great deal. He impressed me as a good father, easily pleased, interested

in everything that interested humanity."

In the rectory of St. Francis Xavier the pages of the newspaper were open at the pictures, and the vicar, the deacon, the teachers were looking at them with smiles of pleasure. They asked for more details of the photographer's experience, for more examples of the 17,000 negatives which he took.

Details of the experience of W. Kennedy, Laurie Dickson as photographer to the Pope, appeared in the letters that he wrote to his employers, the American Mutoscope Company. When he asked for an audience in April it seemed easy to obtain all that he wished. But he could not pass the guards with his camera, that had the appearance of a destructive machine.

Count Pecci, the Pope's nephew, assured him that Leo XIII. was interested in all the discoveries about electricity, but the guards were not easily persuaded, and the photographer had to convince them one by one, as if he were trying to re-enter a camp without a password. Once he wrote "My camera is in the gardens of the Vatican like the wooden horse in ancient Troy. Alas, I am not in it."

When he had his audience it was different. He could do as he wished. He could take pictures to his heart's content. The Pope asked questions that he was only too glad to answer about moving portraiture that was his passion.

Petrus Kerkman, the pastor of the Maronite Chapel, on Washington street, said: "It is possible to write or think otherwise than reverently in the presence of these portraits of the Pope. No, it is impossible. They are the most agreeable that one may ever see. They represent a kind of old man, charged with the leadership of souls, and happy; happy, because of the purity of his

own. "Every one must be glad to see them and to realize that it is not work and an ascetic life that wear out men. See the expression in the face of the Pope as he gives the apostolic benediction! Is it not as if he were discharging his happiness?"

Serenity of the Pope's Life.

In the rectory of St. Charles Borromeo, Father Gordon said: "They are charming pictures. They are vividly expressive of the serenity that is in the Pope's daily life. They tell so much in the restfulness of the gestures immobilized there that one must be eager to see them in action. Yes, every one is glad to see them to-day."

"I am sure that it pleased the Holy Father to give as much as it pleases us to have so many reproductions of his features. There are many lithographs of him, but photographs have a realism that is absolutely convincing."

Father Deshon, of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, said: "It is a great privilege to see these pictures. They are an inspiration. There cannot be a difference of opinion about the wisdom of giving to them the publicity that is respectful."

And his assistants in the rectory milled with him in praise of the patient application that had made their publication possible.

Father Peter J. Prendergast, ill of rheumatism in the rectory of the Epiphany, said: "I am thankful for these pictures. They show the Pope more robust than I have seen him. I am sure that he entered into the spirit of the photographer's work with all his heart, that it pleased him as much as the photographer, as much as it charms us."

The assistants to the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann at St. Agnes's exclaimed in unison: "Bravo! How glorious is the mechanical process that accomplishes prodigies like this! They talked over the pictures for hours, comparing them to the paintings of the old artists in the days when classicalism was not dominant. They too, showed the fathers of the church in the intimacy of their daily lives."

Even Theobald Chartran, whose admirable portrait of the Pope is inscribed with a laudation in the autograph of the scribe, praised the photographer's work. He stopped on his way to a fashionable dinner, in the snow storm, to say, "These pictures are a boon to the splendid individuality that posed for them," and to speak in praise of their mission.

There were compliments in praise of the Journal innumerable. Father Connelley expressed their paragraphs in a phrase: "The publication of the Pope's portraits by the Journal is a work of charm and gracefulness. It makes me love it."

MRS. TREAT TELLS OF HER GOLD FIND.

Good Reason for This Society Woman to Be Glad on Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Harry Whitney Treat, whose discovery of a fabulously rich mine in British Columbia was told in yesterday's Journal, had many visitors yesterday at her home, No. 38 East Fifty-seventh street, who offered congratulations, and were anxious to hear from her own lips the story of the find. It all seemed especially appropriate on Thanksgiving Day.

"I made the discovery," said she, "just six weeks ago, while exploring with my husband the wide of Texas Island. The island is situated seventy miles north of Vancouver. Mr. Treat is president of the Van Andia Copper and Gold Company, whose claim is located on the island. He and I were out prospecting when we came upon the hill of gold, as I call it. The wealth of the find is really due as much to him as to me."

We were sampling through a wild district of Mr. Treat's property, when we saw the ore beneath and around the roots of a large tree. The ore was of a fine quality, and it was at once that it was rich with gold, silver and copper, and later, when it was assayed, the specimens were found to contain the precious metal in considerable quantities. The ore ran \$20 to the ton, the gold alone assaying at from \$6 to \$7 a ton. Experts have expressed the opinion that the new claim will easily prove the richest in British Columbia. I named the find the "Cornell," in honor of the university at which my brother is a student.

"Texas Island is a wild spot," continued Mrs. Treat, "but there is nothing for a woman to fear there. The inhabitants are all rough but honest miners. On the island are many Indians, but they are civilized, and were living in the houses of the island, to remain with my husband after the holidays."

Mr. Treat is having a hundred-ton smelter erected on the "Cornell Claim." Many other claims on the island are being worked, among them one in which John D. Rockefeller is interested. The "Cornell" property is what might be called a "close corporation." The claim is located on land owned by Mr. Treat, and no one outside the family will be interested in the output. Mrs. Treat is a charming young woman, and told the story of her find with modesty. She occupies a high social position, and the story of her "strike" has caused a sensation in fashionable circles.

TWO BIG SHIPS LOST.

Blizzard on Lake Superior Causes a Loss of \$325,000.

Duluth, Minn., Nov. 24.—The reported loss of the year is here to-day. The tug Cassin found the steel freight steamer Arthur Orr nine miles east from the Tampa, ashore and broken in two. The great blizzard caused the wreck of this vessel, as well as the steamer Tampa in Beaver Bay. The crew from the Orr landed their way to Beaver Bay, where they had found the crew of the Tampa. It took them twenty-four hours, without food, to go the nine miles to that place. They suffered intensely with the cold. They were greatly surprised to find the men from the Tampa at Beaver Bay, and until then they knew nothing of the wreck of the Tampa. The Orr left here Monday with 2,200 tons of flour and 500 tons of copper. The Orr found ashore about the same time the Tampa did. The coast is very rocky, the shore sliding into deep water suddenly, which makes the steamer's position extremely dangerous. The spot where the Orr rests is shown on the charts as Baptism River. The Orr was worth \$170,000 and was insured for \$145,000. Her cargo was worth \$120,000. The Tampa was worth \$100,000.

An Actual Fact.

Breakfast, fried potatoes, coffee and rolls can all be cooked on a gas range in 20 minutes; cost of fuel 15 cents.

KISSING IN THE DARK AT A SHOW.

Patrons Hugged the Chorus Girls When the Lights Went Out.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 24.—The Savoy Theatre, on State street, was the scene to-night of both a riot and a panic. Constable H. L. Goodrich, armed with a writ of attachment sworn out by Harry B. Clifford, lessee, against Frank Mott, manager, for \$125 due on rent and bills, appeared at the theatre shortly before 8 o'clock this evening and demanded payment. Mott admitted the claim was all right and told Goodrich to step inside and see the show until the audience was seated, when he would pay up.

Goodrich thought the suggestion a good one, took a seat and did not bother about serving his papers until the first act was nearly over. Then he discovered that Mott had not paid him, and he was angry. He went to the back of the house and found Mott. Mott was angry and angry over Mott's failure, Goodrich turned off all the lights in the theatre, leaving the audience in total darkness.

The house was immediately panic stricken. Some ran upon the stage, others tried to find the doors and everybody yelled. Goodrich hoped this strategy would bring Mott out of hiding and after keeping the audience in a turmoil for fully fifteen minutes, he turned the lights on again. But still no Mott and no money. Again the lights were extinguished and the scenes of riot and panic were repeated.

Men jumped on the stage, grabbed the chorus girls, hugged them, kissed them and played havoc with the scenery. Those who remained on the floor made another rush for the doors, everybody shouting and yelling. Finally, a squad of twenty-five police of the Harrison street station appeared, turned on the lights, ejected the audience and closed the house.

THEY TOOK TURNS IN KISSING.

Embraced Every Woman That Came Along, Yet Escaped Punishment.

Thanksgiving day affected Walter Rosen, No. 223 East Fifty-first street, and Harold Gould, of No. 25 Grace Court, Brooklyn, in an odd manner. They were arrested by Policeman Dougherty, of the East Fifty-first street station, charged with disorderly conduct.

Dougherty told Magistrate Brann yesterday, in the Yorkville Police Court, that he found the men at Forty-second street and Lexington avenue Wednesday night. They were taking turns in embracing every woman that came along. They quarreled over who should kiss a woman who was coming along, and he arrested them. The Magistrate let them go.

Joel B. Ehrhardt His Accuser.

Joel B. Ehrhardt, former Police Commissioner and collector of the Port, has preferred charges at Police Headquarters against Patrojan J. J. Smith, of the Old Slip station. On November 1, Mr. Ehrhardt was arrested by Policeman Smith and taken to the Old Slip station house, where he was held for three days. Ehrhardt was charged with the crime of arresting him without cause and with threatening him. Mr. Ehrhardt was passing a building at No. 25 Grace Court, when he saw Smith about to strike a drunken man who was passing. Ehrhardt intervened and prevented the man from being struck. Ehrhardt was arrested by the officer using violence. Policeman Smith arrested him.

Theatrical Gossip.

The theatres were material sufferers by reason last night, some crowded. The matinees did not do so well. Thanksgiving crushes their otherwise would have experienced.

Turkey figured on the stage in two instances yesterday. During the "in and out" scene in the last act of "On and Off" at the Madison Square Theatre, the paper-mache article gave place to the genuine one. At the Broadway Theatre the members of "The Jolly Musicians" company regaled themselves after the matinee over a toothsome spread afforded by the management.

Andrew Mack goes to the Academy of Music January 16 in "The Ragged Earl," by Ernest Lacu Joseph Hummrich.

WOMAN TRAPPED A MAD MASTIFF.

Pursued by Six Policemen for Two Hours—It Had Bitten Four Persons.

A mad dog but last two hours, during which a girl and three men were bitten and of which a woman was the heroine while six policemen pursued in vain, was yesterday's record in quiet Bensonhurst.

The dog, a cross between a bull terrier and a mastiff, weighing 100 pounds and wearing a collar to which was attached an old license tag, was first seen on Coney avenue in front of the Argyle Hotel. He was capering about frothing at the mouth and snapping at his sides.

In response to a telephone call came Sergeant Somers, with Patrolmen Larsen, Baird, Voorhes, Murphy and Williams, with clubs and pistols drawn.

The animal ran down Coney avenue to Bay Thirty-first street, where he encountered George M. Mitchell just going into his house. He hurled his teeth in Mitchell's right arm twice. Then he scampered down Bay Thirty-first to Eighty-sixth street, and along that thoroughfare as far as Bay Thirty-first street.

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Charles M. Smith, who lives on Bay Twenty-fifth, near Eighty-sixth street, was unable to get out of the way, and the dog nipped him on the right leg and right arm. Down Bay Thirty-first went the dog. Anna Bielskowsky, a domestic employed by Walter Jones, at Bay Thirty-first street, was unable to move and stood in the street, screaming with the full strength of her lungs.

The policemen, a long way in the rear on Coney avenue, heard the screams and hurried in that direction. One turned the corner in time to see what happened. The girl's terror was entirely justified. The mad animal, with fangs of froth flying from his gnashing jaws, made straight for her, leaping for her throat.

CHAPMAN SAYS HE'S NO BUGBEAR.

Makes a Tour of His Precinct and Finds It Orderly, He Declares.

With his whiskers set wing and wing Captain Chapman cruised through his new precinct last night, from the doors of the Eldridge street station to the uttermost confines of the cafe district. His arrival in a block was the signal for a hurried closing of doors and diving to cellars, for he is out to clean up the district.

The captain had called his men together at noon and informed them that he would prefer charges against any policeman not making a full report of the disorderly places on his post.

In his task of cleaning out the "dives" Captain Chapman will have the assistance of the City Vigilance League and the Gerry Society, agents of which profess to know the location of every evil place in the district, but the captain said after his tour last night:

"I found everything orderly and quiet. I was really astonished at the condition of things. I had been led to believe that everything was wide open. There was not a single cause for arrest, though many persons we met seemed frightened to death. I really felt sorry for them. The papers have made me out a bugbear when really I'm not."

ARBuckle's HEIR DIED AFTER FIGHT.

Peculiar Death of the Millionaire's Adopted Son in Pittsburgh.

John R. Arbuckle, the coffee and sugar millionaire, on Wednesday, in Pittsburgh, buried his adopted son, Edward H. Green, who came to his death in that city under somewhat mysterious circumstances.

Green, who was thirty-six years old, was the son of a missionary and his wife, who died in Africa, when he was four years old. The adopted son did not connect himself with the Arbuckle industries in Brooklyn, but travelled for a New York business firm. He was stopping at the Grand Hotel, in Pittsburgh, about two weeks ago, when he was accosted on the street by a beggar, who attacked him.

Green defended himself with vigor. Just then Evelyn Granville Webster, the central figure in the Webster-Goodwin murder case in this city, who has also figured in the police courts here, appeared on the scene, and took the sturdy beggar's part. She called upon a policeman to arrest Green, and made a scene when the defendant was not complied with.

Green was not apparently injured by the encounter, but he fell ill on the following day, and was taken to the Allegheny Hospital. Certain of his symptoms, particularly uncontrollable nausea, led his physicians to suspect that he had been poisoned by some drug, perhaps by knockout drops. Later symptoms of typhoid fever developed, and from that disease, according to the hospital authorities, the patient died on Monday.

The police investigated a report that Green was a victim of knockout drops, but found nothing on which to base it. Mr. Arbuckle himself investigated all the circumstances of the young man's death, and was apparently satisfied that there was no foul play.

A dispatch from Pittsburgh in an afternoon paper yesterday, said that Green had been on a spree in Pittsburgh with Evelyn Granville Webster, and had a fight with another man on her account.

This story was denied at the Arbuckle residence, No. 315 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday.

ARCHBISHOP WAS THE CELEBRANT.

St. Elizabeth's Home, a new home for girls, at Mount Loretta, Pleasant Plains, N. Y., was dedicated yesterday afternoon in the presence of five hundred people.

The ceremonies took place in the chapel of the new building, the celebrant being Archbishop Croghan, who was assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Dougherty, superior of the home, as deacon of honor, and the Rev. Thomas Myhan, secretary to the Archbishop, as master of ceremonies.

The home, which is to cost \$200,000, will accommodate five hundred girls and fifty sisters.

If You Can't Sleep.

The cause is pretty sure to be in the stomach. If that important organ be out of order, the nerves will be too, and disordered nerves keep you awake. Sound, refreshing, invigorating sleep is sure to follow the taking of...

It cures nervousness and dyspepsia in men and women.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

INVENTOR FLIES; NOT HIS ARSHIP.

Lieutenant Nirdlinger Has Disappeared and His Friends Are Anxious.

For a week the walls in Philadelphia announced in big red posters that Thanksgiving Day would see "the marvel of the age" and "the wonder of the nineteenth century" in a practical test of the Nirdlinger air ship. The ship didn't go up, but the brain of its inventor has collapsed and the police of the city have been asked to look for him.

In his business as an inventor of advertising novelties he had successfully used kites for the distribution of printed circulars. Thinking that an air ship would be a better device, he began the making of one, and came into print with the story of the delirious air craft which broke loose from Avalon, N. J. He made big promises of an ascent from New York, but meeting no encouragement, opened an aerial navigation advertising office at his father's paint factory in Second street, Philadelphia, and ordered the parts of his proposed air ship, from which the start was to be made, but he and many a scene when Nirdlinger was not seen. His parents thought he was busy on the machine, but yesterday became convinced that he had wandered off in an irresponsible condition. "I feared as much," said his mother. "We tried to dissuade him from this balloon idea, for he has been twice in an asylum for rest, and we were afraid of the excitement, but he interested various business men in it and went ahead."

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Hacking Coughs,

that seem to tear the chest, tickling coughs, rasping coughs and chronic coughs are certainly cured by

HALE'S Honey of Horehound & Tar.

This remedy, during the last generation, has cured millions of coughs and colds. If you try it, the chances are in your favor. All druggists.

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If it does not prove satisfactory after ten days' trial we will refund the money. The WELLINGTON is guaranteed equal to any \$100 typewriter. It possesses all the advantages of the high-priced instruments, and none of their defects. Our Catalogue tells all about it. Send for it.

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It is the best POROUS PLASTER

Corrosive, Muscular Rheumatism and the like quicker than any other remedy. Breaks up the parts. Try one. Price 25 cents. All Druggists. Mfg. by T. C. Benson & Co., New York, N. Y., 150 Broadway.

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Special Sale INGRAIN CARPETS, 50 cts. per yd. (Value 80 cts.)

Made to withstand long service. Well woven in soft shades of browns, greens, blues and grays. Pure wool and charming colors are ingeniously mingled.

Take advantage of our "Long Credit" and do not pay till convenient. CASH OR CREDIT

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